

THE
Tea-Table
MISCELLANY:
Or, a Complete
COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS SANGS.

*She sung——the Youth attention gave,
And Charms on Charms espies :
Then all in Raptures, falls a Slave,
Both to her Voice and Eyes.*

VOL. II.

THE
Tos-Table
MISCELLANY.

COLLECTION
2007-2-21



See also
The Great
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VOL. II.

TO
CLARINDA,
A SONG,

To the Tune of, *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

BLEST as the immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile, &c.
So spoke and smil'd the Eastern Maid,
Like thine, Seraphick were her Charms,
That in *Circasia's* Vineyards stray'd,
And blest the wisest Monarch's Arms.

A thousand Fair of high Desert,
Strave to enchant the amorous King;
But the *Circasian* gain'd his Heart,
And taught the Royal Bard to sing.
Clarinda thus our Sang inspires,
And claims the smooth and highest Lays;
But while each Charm our Bosom fires,
Words seem too few to sound her Praise.

Her Mind in ev'ry Grace complete,
To paint surpasses Humane Skill:
Her Majesty, mixt with the Sweet,
Let Seraphs sing her if they will.

Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd Eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a Sister of the Sky,
To whom an Adoration's due.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to *Lochaber*, and farewell my
Jeany,

Where heartsome with thee I've many Day been;
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
We'll maybe return to *Lochaber* no more.
These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear,
And no for the Dangers attending on Weir,
Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore,
Maybe to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' Harrycanes rise, and rise ev'ry Wind,
They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind;
Tho' loudest of Thunder on lowder Waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my Love on the Shore.
To leave thee behind me, my Heart is fair pain'd;
By Ease that's inglorious, no Fame can be gain'd:
And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then Glory my *Jeany* maun plead my Excuse,
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,
And without thy Favour I'd better not be!

I gae then, my Lafs, to win Honour and Fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

The auld Goodman.

L A T E in an Evening forth I went,
 A little before the Sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd, by Accident,
 To light on a Battle new begun.
 A Man and his Wife was fawn in a Strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,
 And cry'd ever alake, my auld Goodman.

H. E.

Thy auld Goodman that thou tells of,
 The Country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor Vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an End
 Of Gear that his Forefathers wan,
 He gart the Poor stand frae the Door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

S. H. E.

My Heart alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome *John*,
 His blinkan Eye and Gate sa free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend Drone.
 His rosie Face and flaxen Hair,
 And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely with all,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

H. E.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain;
 For Meal and Mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear'gins to grow scant.
 Of Household-Stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
 Of sicklike Ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Good-man.

S H E.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth Days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In Arms into a well made Bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thoult ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then coming was the Night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the Light of Day;
 The Carle was fear'd to miss his Mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his Way;
 I trow the Wife the Day she wan,
 And ay the O'erword of the Fray
 Was ever, *Alake my auld Good-man.*

Z.

S O N G,

SONG,

To the Tune of, *Valiant Jocky.**On a beautiful but very young Lady.*

BEAUTY from Fancy takes its Arms,
 And ev'ry common Face some Breast may
 move,
 Some in a Look, a Shape, or Air, find Charms,
 To justify their Choice, or boast their Love.
 But had the great *Apelles* seen that Face,
 When he the *Cyprian* Goddess drew,
 He had neglected all the Female Race,
 Thrown his first *Venus* by, and copied you.
 In that Design,
 Great Nature would combine
 To fix the Standard of her sacred Coin;
 The charming Figure had enhanc'd his Fame,
 And Shrines been rais'd to *Seraphina's* Name.

II.

But since no Painter e'er could take
 That Face, which baffles all his curious Art;
 And he that strives the bold Attempt to make,
 As well might paint the Secrets of the Heart:
 O happy Glass I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be like thee inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better Life and Motion would create.
 Her Eyes would inspire,
 And like *Prometheus' Fire*,
 At once inform the Piece, and give Desire;
 The charming Phantom I would grasp, and flie
 O'er all the Orb, though in that Moment die.

III.

III.

Let meaner Beauties fear the Day,
 Whose Charms are fading, and submit to Time;
 The Graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish Hand still adds to thine.
 The God of Love in ambush lies,
 And with his Arms surrounds the Fair,
 He points his conquering Arrows in these Eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpened Dart at every Hair.
 As with fatal Skill,
 Turn which Way you will,
 Like *Eden's* flaming Sword each Way you
 kill;
 So ripening Years improve rich Nature's Store,
 And give Perfection to the Golden Ore.

P.

Lafs with a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,
 And we for Life shall gang thegither,
 Tho' daft or wise I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
 And Blood alane is no worth a Shilling;
 But she that's rich, her Marker's made,
 For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,
 And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasure;
 Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,
 Shou'd Love turn dowf, it will find Pleasure.

Laugh

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,
 I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring Cash, or a Lump of Land,
 They'fe never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
 And Siller and Gowd's a sweet Complexion;
 But Beauty, and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
 Have tint the Art of gaining Affection.
 Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
 And Castles, and Riggs, and Moors, and Meadows,
 And naithing can catch our modern Sparks,
 But well tocher'd Lassies or joynter'd Widows.

The Shepherd Adonis.

I.

THE Shepherd *Adonis*
 Being weary'd with Sport,
 He for a Retirement
 To the Woods did resort.
 He threw by his Club,
 And he laid himself down;
 He envy'd no Monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a Crown.

II.

He drank of the Burn,
 And he ate frae the Tree,
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae Trouble was free.
 He wish'd for no Nymph,
 Tho never sae fair,
 Had nae Love or Ambition,
 And therefore no Care.

III.

But as he lay thus
 In an Ev'ning sae clear,
 A heavenly sweet Voice
 Sounded fast in his Ear;
 Which came frae a shady
 Green neighbouring Grove,
 Where bony *Amynta*
 Sat singin' of Love.

IV.

He wander'd that Way,
 And found wha was there,
 He was quite confounded
 To see her sae fair:
 He stood like a Statue,
 Not a Foot cou'd he move,
 Nor knew he what griev'd him;
 But he fear'd it was Love.

V.

The Nymph she beheld him
 With a kind modest Grace,
 Seeing something that pleas'd her
 Appear in his Face.
 With blushing a little
 She to him did say,
 Oh Shepherd! what want ye,
 How came you this Way?

VI.

His Spirits reviving,
 He to her reply'd,
 I was ne'er sae surpris'd
 At the Sight of a Maid;
 Until I beheld thee
 From Love I was free,
 But now I'm tane Captive,
 My fairest, by thee.

Z.
 The

The COMPLAINT.

To B. I. G.

To the Tune of, *When absent*, &c.

WHEN absent from the Nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the Chains I wear;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More Fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy Day and Night
 Fairer and fairer represents
Bellinda form'd for dear Delight,
 But cruel Cause of my Complaints.

All Day I wander through the Groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry Tree
 The happy Birds chirping their Loves,
 Happy compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle Sleep with balmy Wings
 To Rest fans ev'ry weary'd Wight,
 A thousand Fears my Fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the Night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the Graces in her Train,
 With melting Smiles and killing Air
 Appears the Cause of all my Pain.
 A while my Mind delighted flies,
 O'er all her Sweets with thirling Joy,
 Whilst want of Worth makes Doubts arise,
 That all my trembling Hopes destroy.

Thus while my Thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er Transport and Desire:
 My Pulse beats high, my Cheeks appear
 All Roses, and mine Eyes all Fire.

When to my self I turn my View,
 My Veins grow chill, my Cheek looks wan:
 Thus whilst my Fears my Pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a Man.

The young Lads contra auld Man.

THE Carle he came o'er the Croft,
 And his Beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The Carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt away I winna hae him!
 Na forsooth I winna hae him!
 For a' his Beard new shaven,
 Ne'er a Bit will I hae him.

A filler Broach he gae me nist,
 To fasten on my Curtchea nooked,
 I wou'd a wi upon my Breast;
 But soon alake! the Tongue o't crooked;
 And sae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth I winna hae him!
 An twice a Bairn's, a Lads's Jest;
 Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.

The Carle has nae Fault but aye;
 For he has Land and Dollars plenty;
 But waes me for him! Skin and Bane
 Is no for a plump Lads of twenty.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth I winna hae him,
 What signifies his dirty Riggs,
 And Cash without a Man with them.

But

But shou'd my canker'd Dady gar
 Me take him 'gainst my Inclination,
 I warn the Fumbler to beware,
 That Antlers dinna claim their Station.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
 I'm flec'd t' crack the haly Band,
 Sae Lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

*VIRTUE and WIT,
 The Preservatives of Love and Beauty.*

To the Tune of, *Gillikranky.*

CONFESS thy Love, fair blushing Maid,
 For since thine Eye's consenting;
 Thy sifter Thoughts are a' betray'd.
 And Nayfays no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy Mind,
 With Words thy Wish denying?
 Since Nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and Reason's joint Consent
 Make Love a sacred Blessing,
 Then happily that Time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind Caressing?
 Come then my *Katie* to my Arms,
 I'll be nae mair a Rover;
 But find out Heaven in a' thy Charms,
 And prove a faithful Lover.

S H E.

What you design by Nature's Law,
Is fleeting Inclination,
That *Willy---Wisp* bewilds us a'
By its Infatuation.

When that goes out, Caresses tire,
And Love's nae mair in Season,
Syne weakly we blaw up the Fire,
With all our boasted Reason.

H E.

The Beauties of inferior Cast
May start this just Reflection;
But Charms like thine maun always last,
Where Wit has the Protection.
Virtue and Wit, like *April* Rays,
Make Beauty rise the sweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My Love will grow completer.

SONG,

To the Tune of, *The happy Clown.*

IT was the charming Month of *May*,
When all the Flowers were fresh and gay,
One Morning by the Break of Day,
Sweet *Chloe*, Chaste and Fair;

From peaceful Slumber she arose,
Girt on her Mantle and her Hose,
And o'er the flow'ry Mead she goes,
To breathe a purer Air.

Her

Her Looks so sweet, so gay her Mein,
 Her handsome Shape and Dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
 Drest in her best Array.

The gentle Winds and purling Stream
 Essay'd to whisper *Chloe's* Name,
 The savage Beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People one might see,
 Perch'd all around her on a Tree,
 With Notes of sweetest Melody
 They act a chearful Parr.

The dull Slaves on the toilsome Plow,
 Their wearied Necks and Knees do bow,
 A glad Subjection there they vow,
 To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,
 Soon as the charming Nymph they spy,
 They leave their hoarse and ruefull Cry,
 And dance around the Brooks.

The Woods are glad, the Meadows smile,
 And *Forth* that foam'd, and roar'd ere while,
 Glides calmly down as smooth as Oil,
 Thro' all its charming Crooks.

The finny Squadrons are content,
 To leave their wat'ry Element,
 In glazie Numbers down they bent,
 They flutter all along.

The Insects and each creeping Thing,
Join'd to make up the rural Ring,
All frisk and dance, if she but sing,
And make a jovial Throng.

Kind *Phæbus* now began to rise,
And paint with red the Eastern Skies,
Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,
He shrinks behind a Cloud.

Her Mantle on a Bough she lays,
And all her Glory she displays,
She left all Nature in Amaze,
And skip'd into the Wood.

X.

Lady Anne Boswell's Lament.

BALOW, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy Mourning makes my Heart full sad.
Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
Thy Father bred me great Annoy.

*Balow, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

II.

Balow, my Darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy Father did,
To cozen Maids, nay God forbid;

For

For in thine Eye, his Look I see,
The tempting Look that ruin'd me.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

III.

When he began to court my Love,
And with his sugar'd Words to move,
His tempting Face and flatt'ring Chear,
In Time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he,
Cares neither for his Babe nor me.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

IV.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest Youth,
That ever kiss'd a Woman's Mouth,
Let never any after me,
Submit unto thy Courtsey:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

V.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a Maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever True to prove,
Thy Faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy Love;
But quick as Thought the Change is wrought,
Thy Love's no more, thy Promise nought.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

VI.

I wish I were a Maid again,
From young Men's Flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my Grief I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms,
Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

VII.

I take my Fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a Nurse,
 And lull my young Son on my Lap,
 From me sweet Orphan take the Pap.
 Balow, my Child, thy Mother mild
 Shall wail as from all Bless exil'd.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

VIII.

Balow my Boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest Grief's for wronging thee,
 Nor pity her deserved Smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond Heart;
 For, too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest Tongues are falsest Minds.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

IX.

Balow my Boy, thy Father's fled,
 When he the thrifless Son has play'd,
 Of Vows and Oaths, forgetful he
 Prefer'd the Wars to thee and me.
 But now perhaps thy Curse and mine
 Make him eat Acorns with the Swine.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

X.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
 Stung with Remorse, is blessing thee;
 Perhaps at Death; for who can tell
 Whether the Judge of Heaven and Hell,
 By some proud Foe has struck the Blow,
 And laid the dear Deceiver low.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

XI.

I wish I were into the Bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his Wounds,
Repeating as he pants for Air,
My Name, whom once he call'd his Fair.
No Woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

XII.

If Linen lacks, for my Love's Sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My Smock once for his Body meet,
And wrap him in that Winding-Sheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

XIII.

Balow, my Boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alake, thoult weep for me:
Thy Griefs are growing to a Sum,
God grant thee Patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy Mother's Shame,
A hapless Fate, a Bastard's Name.

Balow, my Boy, ly still and sleep,

It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

X.

F 4 SONG

S O N G,

She Raise and Loot me in.

THE Night her silent Sable wore,
 And gloomy were the Skies:
 Of glitt'ring Stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's Eyes.
 When at her Father's Yare I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 She, shrowded only with her Smock,
 Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
 She trembling stood agham'd:
 Her swelling Breast and glowing Face,
 And ev'ry Touch inflam'd.
 My eager Passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the Fort to win;
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd
 To yield, and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the Joy;
 I knew no greater Blessing,
 So blest a Man was I.
 And she, all ravish'd with Delight,
 Bid me oft come again;
 And kindly vow'd, That ev'ry Night
 She'd rise and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd with Bairn,
 And fighting fat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en just like a Fool.

Her

Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash Sin:
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour,
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime:
Thus all was well again,
And now she thanks the happy Time
That e'er she loot me in.

Z.

S O N G,

If Love's a sweet Passion.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my Com-
plaint?

Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain,
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
Heart.

I grasp her Hands gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate Silence I make my Love known.
But Oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove,
By some willing Mistake to discover her Love!
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

Her

F 5

How

How pleasing is Beauty? how sweet are the
Charms?

How delightful Embraces? how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must
yield,

For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair
Field. X.

John Ochiltree.

HONEST Man *John Ochiltree;*

Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree,*
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.

Alake, alake! I want to do!

Ohon, Ohon! I want to do!

Now want to do's away frae me,

Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest Man *John Ochiltree,*

Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree;*

Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,

And do but what thou dows to do.

Alake, alake! I dows to do!

Walaways! I dows to do!

To whoft and hirple o'er my Tree,

My bonny Moor-powt is, a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,

For mony a Time I tell'd to thee,

Thou Rade fae fast by Sea and Land,

And waltna keep a Bridle-hand;

Thou'd

Thou'd tine the Beast, thy sell wad die,
My filly auld *John Ochiltree*.

Come to my Arms, my bonny Thing,
And chear me up to hear thee sing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For Thoughts maun now my Life sustain.

Gae thy Ways *John Ochiltree*:

Hae done! it has nae Sa'r wi' me.
I'll set the Beast in throw the Land,
She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.
Even sit thou there, and think thy fill,
For I'll do as I wont to do still.

Z.

SONG,

To the Tune of, *Fenny beguil'd the Webster*.

The auld Chorus.

Up Stairs, down Stairs,

Timber Stairs fear me.

I'm laith to ly a' Night my lane,

And *Johny's Bed* sae near me.

I.

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bony,
I winna keep; for in my Sleep
I start and dream of *Johny*.

When *Johny* then comes down the Glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with Content gi' your Consent;
For we twa ne'er can finder.

2

II.

II.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
 For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
 To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
 I downa 'bide to think o't;
 Sae while 'tis Time, I'll shun the Crime,
 That gars poor Eppy gae whinging,
 With Hainches fow, and Een sae blew,
 To a' the Bedrals binding.

III.

Had Eppy's Apron bidden down,
 The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;
 But when the Word's gane thro' the Town,
 Alake! how can she mend it.
 Now Tam maun face the Minister,
 And she maun mount the Pillar;
 And that's the Way that they maun gae,
 For poor Folk has nae Siller.

IV.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
 Reply'd the kindly Mither,
 Get Johnny's Hand in haly Band,
 Syne wap ye'r Wealth together.
 I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your Part discretely;
 And prove a Wife, will gar his Life,
 And Barrel run right sweetly.

SONG.

SONG,

To the Tune of, *Wat ye wha I met Yestreen*, &c.

I.

OF all the Birds, whose tuneful Throats
Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
I far prefer the *Stirling's* Notes,
And think she does most sweetly sing.
Nor Thrush, nor Linnet, nor the Bird,
Brought from the far *Canary Coast*,
Nor can the Nightingale afford
Such Melody as she can boast.

II.

When *Phæbus* southwards darts his Fires,
And on our Plains he looks a kance,
The Nightingale with him retires,
My *Stirling* makes my Blood to dance.
In Spite of *Hyems'* nipping Frost,
Whether the Day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her Health entoast,
Who makes it Summer all the Year?

III.

Then by thy self, my lovely Bird,
I'll stroke thy Back, and kiss thy Breast;
And if you'll take my honest Word,
As sacred as before the Priest,
I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various Ways to pleasure thee,
The Velvet-fog thou wilt despise,
When on the *Downy-hills* with me.

T.R.

A

A S O N G,

To its own Tune.

IN *January* last,
 On *Munanday* at *Morn*,
 As through the *Fields* I *pass*,
 To view the *Winter Corn*,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the *Know*,
 Ane glancing in her *Apron*,
 With a bonny brent *Brow*.

I said, *Good-Morrow*, fair *Maid*;
 And she right *courteously*
 Return'd a *Beck*, and kindly said,
Good Day sweet Sir, to you.

I spear'd, my *Dear*, how far *awa*
 Do ye intend to *gae*?
 Quoth she, I mean a *Mile* or *twa*,
 Out o'er yon *broomy Brae*.

Fair *Maid*, I'm thankful to my *Fate*,
 To have sic *Company*;
 For I am ganging *straight* that *Gate*,
 Where ye intend to *be*.

When we had gane a *Mile* or *twain*,
 I said to her, my *Dow*,
 May we not lean us on this *Plain*,
 And kiss your bonny *Mou*.

S H E. I am no *Wife*,
 Kind *Sir*, ye are a *wi'* *mistane*;
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope ye some mair *Breeding ken*,
 Than to ruffle *Women's Claife*:

For

For may be I have chosen ane,
 And plighted him my Vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kiss my bonny Mou.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mair to say:
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the Play;
 And chuse anither, will respect
 My Love, and one me rew;
 And let me clasp her round the Neck,
 And kiss her bonny Mou.

S H E.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
 And laith to be said Nay,
 Else ye wad ne'er a started
 For ought that I did say:
 For Women in their Modesty
 At first they winna bow;
 But if we like your Company,
 We'll prove as kind as you.

SONG,

To the Tune of, *I'll never leave thee,*

ONE Day I heard Mary say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me.

Alas!

Alas! my fond Heart will break,
 If thou should leave me.
 I'll live and die for thy sake;
 Yet never leave thee.

II.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
 Has *Mary* deceived thee?
 Did e'er her young Heart betray
 New Love, that has griev'd thee?
 My constant Mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me.
 I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
 And never leave thee.

III.

Adonis, my charming Youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can *Mary* thy Anguish sooth?
 This Breast shall receive thee,
 My Passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee:
 Delight shall drive Pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

IV.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,
 How shall I leave thee?
 O! that Thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my *Adonis* fly?
 Why does he grieve me?
 Alas! my poor Heart will die,
 If I should leave thee,

Sleepy Body, drowsy Body.

Somnolente,
Quaſo repente,
Vigila, vive, me tange.
Somnolente, quaſo, &c.

I.
Cum me ambebas,
Videri volebas
Amoris negotiis aptus;
Sed factus maritus,
Es ſemiſopitus,
Et ſemper à ſomnio captus.

III.
 O ſleepy Body,
 And drowſy Body,
 O wiltuna waken, and turn thee:
 To drivel and drant,
 While I ſigh and gaunt,
 Gives me good Reaſon to ſcorn thee.

IV.
 When thou ſhouldeſt be kind,
 Thou turns ſleepy and blind,
 And ſnoters and ſnores far frac me.
 Wae Light on thy Face,
 Thy drowſy Embrace
 Is enough to gar me berray thee.

General Lesly's March to Long-maiston Moor.

MARCH, march,
 Why the D—— do ye na march!
 Stand to your Arms, my Lads,
 Fight in good Order.
 Front about ye Musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the *English* Border.
 Stand till't, and fight like Men,
 True Gospel to maintain.
 The Parliament blyth to see us a coming
 When to the Kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka Room,
 Frae *Popish* Relicks and a' sic Innovations,
 That a' the Warld may see,
 There's nane i'the Right but we,
 Of the auld *Scotish* Nation.
Fenny shall wear the Hood,
Focky the Sark of God;
 And the Kist fou of Whistles,
 That make sic a Cleiro,
 Our Pipers braw,
 Shall hae them a'
 What e'er come on it.
 Busk up your Plaids, my Lads,
 Cock up your Bonnets.

March, March, &c.

z.

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

H E.

ADIEU for a while my native green Plains,
 My nearest Relations, and neighbouring Swains,
 Dear *Nelly* frae these I'd start easily free,
 Were Minutes not Ages, while absent frae thee.

SHE.

S H E.
Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
The Pleadings of Love, but thus hurrys away;
Alake, thou Deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A Lover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.
The Reason unhappy, is owing to Fate
That gave me a Being without an Estate,
Which lays a Necessity now upon me,
To purchase a Fortune for Pleasure to thee.

S H E.
Small Fortune may serve where Love has the Sway,
Then *Johny* be counsel'd na langer to stray,
For while thou proves constant in Kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a Treasure in thee.

H E.
O cease, my dear Charmer, else soon I'll betray,
A Weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To Fondness which may prove a Ruin to thee,
A Pain to us baith, and Dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye Streams, and witness ye Flowers,
Bear witness ye watchful invisible Powers,
If ever my Heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

S O N G,

To the Tune of

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony Bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,
Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;

There

There will we sport and gather Dew,
 Dancing while Lavrocks sing the Morning;
 There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
 O Bell ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To Westlin Breezes *Flora* yields,
 And when the Beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the Fields,
 And Nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,
 Tho' on their Banks the Roses blossom,
 Yet hastylie they flow to *Tweed*,
 And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom.

Hast ye, hast ye, my bony *Bell*,
 Hast to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free Consent my Fears repel,
 I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.
 Thus sang I fastly to my Fair,
 Wha rais'd my Hopes with kind relenting!
 O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bony *Bell's* consenting.

Corn Riggs are bony.

MY *Patie* is a Lover gay,
 His Mind is never muddy,
 His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
 His Face is fair and ruddy.
 His Shape is handsom, middle Size;
 He's stately in his Wawking;
 The Shining of his Een surpris;
 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bawlk,
 Where yellow Corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly Word he spake,
 That set my Heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine;
 And loo'd me best of any;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O Corn Riggs are bonie.

Let Maidens of a filly Mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chaffly should be granting;
 Then I'll comply, and *mary Pate*,
 And syne my Cockernony.
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where Corn Riggs are bony.

Cromlet's Lilt.

SINCE all thy Vows, false Maid,
 Are blown to Air,
 And my poor Heart betray'd
 To sad Despair,
 Into some WilderNESS,
 My Grief I will express,
 And thy Hard-heartedness,
 O cruel Fair.

Have I not graven our Loves
 On every Tree:
 In yonder spreading Groves,
 Tho' false thou be:

Was

Was not a solemn Oath
 Plighted betwixt us both;
 Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy Place I'll find,
 Some doleful Shade,
 Where neither Sun nor Wind
 E'er Entrance had:
 Into that hollow Cave,
 There will I sigh and rave;
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild Fruit shall be my Meat,
 I'll drink the Spring;
 Cold Earth shall be my Seat:
 For Covering
 I'll have the starry Sky
 My Head to Canopy,
 Until my Soul on hy
 Shall spread its Wing.

I'll have no Funeral-Fire,
 Nor Tears for me;
 No Grave do I desire,
 Nor Obsequies:
 The courteous Red-Breast he
 With Leaves will cover me,
 And sing my Elegy,
 With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee:
 O thou deceitful Dame,
 Whose Cruelty

Has kill'd the kindest Heart
That e'er felt *Cupid's* Dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

X.

SONG,

We'll a' to Kelfo go.

AN I'll awa to bonny *Tweed-side*,
And see my Deary come throw,
And he sall be mine

Gif sae he incline,

For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

While Young and Fair,

I'll make it my Care,

To secure my sell in a Jo;

I'm no sic a Fool

To let my Blood cool,

And syne gae lead *Apes* below.

Few Words, bonny Lad,

Will eithly persuade,

Tho' blushing, I dastly say no,

Gae on with your Strain,

And doubt not to gain,

For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

Unty'd to a Man,

Do what e'er we can,

We never can Thrive or Dow;

Then I will do well,

Do better wha will,

And let them lead *Apes* below.

Our

Our Time is Precious,
 And Gods are Gracious;
 That Beauties upon us bestow;
 'Tis not to be thought,
 We got them for Nought,
 Or to be set up for show.

'Tis carried by Votes,
 Come kilt up yere Coats,
 And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
 Where she that's bonny
 May catch a *Fanny*,
 And never lead *Ape* below.

WILLIAM and MARGARET,
 An old BALLAD.

T WAS at the fearful Midnight Hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 In glided *Margarer's* grimly Ghost,
 And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was pale, like *April Morn*,
 Clad in a wintry Cloud;
 And Clay-cold was her Lilly-Hand,
 That held her sable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
 When Youth and Years are flown:
 Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
 When Death has rest their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flower
 That sips the Silver Dew ;
 The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
 Just opening to the View.

But Love had, like the canker Worm,
 Consum'd her early Prime:
 The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;
 She dy'd before her Time.

Awake!—she cry'd, thy true Love calls,
 Come from her Midnight Grave;
 Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
 Thy Love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
 When injur'd Ghosts complain,
 And aid the secret Fears of Night,
 To fright the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
 Thy Pledge and broken Oath,
 And give me back my Maiden-Vow,
 And give me back my Troth.

How could you say, my Face was fair,
 And yet that Face forsake?
 How could you win my Virgin-Heart,
 Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did you promise Love to me,
 And not that Promise keep?
 Why said you, that my Eyes were bright,
 Yet left these Eyes to weep?

How could you swear, my Lip was sweet,
 And made the Scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witless Maid,
 Believe the flat'ring Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
 These Lips no longer red:
 Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
 And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;
 This Winding-sheet I wear:
 And cold and weary lasts our Night,
 Till that last Morn appear.

But hark!—the Cock has warn'd me hence—
 A long and late Adieu!
 Come see, false Man! how low she lies,
 That dy'd for Love of you.

The Lark sung out, the Morning smil'd,
 And rais'd her glitt'ring Head:
 Pale *William* quak'd in every Limb;
 Then, raving, left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
 Where *Margaret's* Body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green Grass Turf
 That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* Name,
 And thrice he wept full sore:
 Then laid his Cheek on her cold Gray,
 And Word spoke never more.

D.M.

The

The COMPLAINT.

THE Sun was sunk beneath the Hill,
 The Western Cloud was lin'd with Gold:
 Clear was the Sky, the Wind was still,
 The Flocks were penn'd within the Fold,
 When in the Silence of the Grove,
 Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of Love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose,
 From the hard Rock or oozy Beech?
 Who from each Weed that barren grows,
 Expects the Grape or downy Peach?
 With equal Faith may hope to find
 The Truth of Love in Womankind.

No Flocks have I, or fleecy Care,
 No Fields that wave with golden Grain,
 No Pastures green, or Gardens fair,
 A Woman's venal Heart to gain,
 Then all in vain my Sighs must prove,
 Whose whole Estate, alas! is Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
 Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold?
 They ask no Vows of sacred Truth;
 When e'er they sigh, they sigh to Gold.
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove;—
 Thus I am scorn'd,—who have but Love.

To buy the Gems of *India's* Coast,
 What Wealth, what Riches would suffice?
 Yet *India's* Shore could never boast,
 The Lustre of thy Rival Eyes:
 For there the World too cheap must prove,
 Can I then buy?—who have but Love.

Then, *Mary*, since nor Gems, nor Ore
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Be just, as fair, and value more,
 Than Gems or Ore, a Heart sincere:
 Let Treasure meaner Beauties prove;
 Who pays thy Worth, must pay in Love.

X.

SONG,

To the Tune of, *Montrose's Lines.*

I Toss and tumble thro' the Night,
 And wish th' approaching Day,
 'Thinking when Darkness yields to Light,
 I'll banish Care away:
 But when the glorious Sun doth rise,
 And cheer all Nature round,
 All Thoughts of Pleasure in me dies;
 My Cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy Mind
 Bereaves me of my Rest;
 My Thoughts are to all Pleasure blind,
 With Care I'm still oppress'd:
 But had I her within my Breast,
 Who gives me so much Pain,
 My raptur'd Soul would be at Rest,
 And softest Joys regain.

I'd not envy the God of War,
 Bless'd with fair *Venus'* Charms,
 Nor yet the thundring *Jupiter*,
 In fair *Alcmene's* Arms:

Paris, with *Helen's* Beauty blest,
 Wou'd be a Jest to me;
 If of her Charms I were possesst,
 Thrice happier I wou'd be.

But since the Gods do not ordain
 Such happy Fate for me,
 I dare not 'gainst their Will repine,
 Who rule my Destiny.
 With sprightly Wine I'll drown my Care,
 And cherish up my Soul;
 When e'er I think on my lost Fair,
 I'll drown her in the Bowl.

I H. *Jamaica*

The DECEIVER.

WITH tuneful Pipe, and hearty Glee,
 Young *Waty* wan my Heart;
 A blyther Lad ye cou'dna see,
 All Beauty without Art.
 His winning Tale
 Did soon prevail
 To gain my fond Belief;
 But soon the Swain
 Gangs o'er the Plain,
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
 And leaves me full of Grief.

Tho' *Colin* courts with tuneful Sang,
 Yet few regard his Mane;
 The Lasses a' round *Waty* thrang,
 While *Colin's* left alane:

In *Aberdeen*

Was never seen

A Lad that gave sic Pain,

He daily wooes,

And still pursues,

Till he does all, till he does all,

Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the Bliss,

Away then does he run,

And hardly will afford a Kiss,

To silly me undone:

Bony Katy,

Maggy, Beatty,

Avoid the roving Swain;

His wyly Tongue

Be sure to shun,

Or you, like me; or you, like me,

Like me will be undone.

Z.

The Widow.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can,
brew,

The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,

And mony braw Things the Widow can do,

Then have at the Widow, my Laddie.

With Courage attack her baith early and late,

To kiss her and clap her ye mauna be blate,

Speak well and do better, for that's the best Gate

To win a young Widdow, my Laddie.

The

The Widow she's youthfu', and never ae Hair,
The war of the Wearing, and has a good Skair
Of every Thing lovely; she's witty and fair,

And has a rich Joynter, my Laddie.

What could ye wish better your Pleasure to crown
Than a Widow, the boniest Toast in the Town,
With naithing, but draw in your Stool and sit down,
And sport with the Widow, my Laddie?

Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesie dead,
Tho' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,

With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie.

Strike Iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the Woer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.

The Highland Lassie.

THE Lawland Maids gang trig and fine;
But aft they're sour and unco sawsy,
Sae proud they never can be kind,

Like my good humour'd Highland Lassie.

O, my bony, bony Highland Lassie,

My hearty smiling Highland Lassie,

May never Care make thee less fair,

But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.

Than ony Lads in Borrowstoun,
Wha mak their Cheeks with Patches motie,
I'd tak my *Katie* but a Gown,
Bare footed in her little *Cotie*.

O my bony, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bush,
 When e'er I kiss and court my Dautie,
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren Heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bony, &c.

O'er highest heathery Hills I'll stenn,
 With cockit Gun and Ratches tenty,
 To drive the Deer out of their Den,
 To feast my Lass on Dishes dainty.
O my bony, &c.

There's nane shall dare by Deed or Word,
 Gainst her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
 While I can wield my trusty Sword,
 Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.
O my bony, &c.

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
 And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,
 To range with me, let great Fowk gloom,
 While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleasure.
*O, my bony, bony Highland Lassie,
 My lovely smiling Highland Lassie,
 May never Care make thee less fair,
 But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.*

Jocky blyth and gay.

BLYTH Jocky young and gay,
 Is all my Heart's Delight,
 He's all my Talk by Day,
 And all my Dreams by Night.

(153)

If from the Lad I be,
'Tis Winter then with me;
But when he carries here,
'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and *Focky* met,
First on the flowry Dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And Love was all his Tale.
You are the Lass, said he,
That staw my Heart frae me;
O ease me of my Pain,
And never shaw Disdain.

Well can my *Focky* kyth
His Love and Courtesie,
He made my Heart full blyth,
When he first spake to me.
His Suit I ill deny'd,
He kiss'd and I comply'd;
Sae *Focky* promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Focky* comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis Night when *Focky* glooms,
But when he smiles, 'tis Day.
When our Eyes meet I pant,
I colour, figh and faint;
What Lass that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind?

Had away frae me, Donald.

O Come away, come away,
 Come away wi' me, *Fenny*;
 Sic Frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase Smiles anes ravish'd me, *Fenny*;
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought fall alter me, *Fenny*;
 For your're the Mistress of my Mind,
 What e'er you think of me, *Fenny*.

First when your Sweets enslav'd my Heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, *Fenny*;
 But now, alas! you act a Part
 That speaks Unconstancy, *Fenny*.
 Unconstancy is sic a Vice,
 'Tis not besitting thee, *Fenny*;
 It suits not with your Virtue nice
 To carry sae to me, *Fenny*.

Her A N S W E R.

O Had away, had away,
 Had away frae me, *Donald*;
 Your Heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, *Donald*;
 Some fickle Mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;
 To ilka Swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But

But I've a Heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with Honesty, *Donald*;
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I hate all Levity, *Donald*:
 Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend
 Your Heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
 For Words of Falshood I'll defend,
 A roving Love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
 Apparent Worth, and fair Renown,
 Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
 Ilk Virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The Man esteem'd by me, *Donald*,
 But now, the Mask fallen aff, I scorn
 To ware a Thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever had away,
 Had away frae me, *Donald*;
 Gae seek a Heart that's like your 'ain,
 And come nae mair to me, *Donald*:
 For I'll reserve my sell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er-loo Man, nor thee, *Donald*.

D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy Man, and false Report
 Has only tald a Lye, *Jenny*;
 To try thy Truth, and make us sport,
 The Tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

J E N N Y.

J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, *Donald*;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, *Donald*.

Todlen Butt, and Todlen Ben.

WHEN I've a Saxpence under my Thumb,
 Then I'll get Credit in ilka Town;
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by!
 O! Poverty parts good Company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my Love come todlen hame.

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and send her good Sale,
 She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale,
 Sync if that her Tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good Scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a Neep come todlen hame.

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa Pint-stoups at our Bed's Feet;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
 What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my Looove comes todlen hame.

Leez me on Liquor, my todlen Dow,
 Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your Mou;
 When

When sober sac four, ye'll fight with a Flee,
That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me.

When todlen hame, todlen hame,

When round as a Neep ye come todlen hame. Z.

The auld Man's best Argument.

To the Tune of, *Widow are ye wawking.*

O Wha's that at my Chamber Door?

"Fair Widow are ye wawking?"

Auld Carle, your Sute give o'er,

Your Love lyes a' in tawking.

Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight

Sweet like an *April* Meadow;

'Tis sic as he can blefs the Sight

And Bosom of a Widow.

"O Widow, wilt thou let me in,

"I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,

"And come of a right gentle Kin;

"I'm little mair than Fifty."

Daff Carle, dit your Mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be,—bot Youth,

In Love you're but a Gawky.

"Then, Widow, let these Guineas speak,

"That powerfully plead clinkan,

"And if they fail, my Mouth I'll steek,

"And nae mair Love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they make you young, Sir,

And ten Times better can express

Affection, than your Tongue, Sir.

The

*The Peremptor Lover.**To the Tune of, John Anderson my Jo.*

'T IS not your Beauty, nor your Wit,
 That can my Heart obtain;
 For they cou'd never conquer yet
 Either my Breast or Brain:
 For if you'll not prove kind to me,
 And true as heretofore,
 Henceforth I'll scorn your Slave to be
 Or doat upon you more.

Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind;
 No smoothed Sight, nor smiling Frown,
 Can satisfy my Mind.
 Pray let *Platonicks* play such Pranks,
 Such Follies I deride,
 For Love, at least, I will have Thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our Actions be as free
 As Vertue will allow.
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll constant be;
 If Fortune chance to change your Mind,
 I'll turn as soon as you.

Since our Affections well ye know,
 In equal Terms do stand,
 'Tis in your power to love or no,
 Mine's likewise in my Hand.

Dispense

Dispense with your Austerity,
 Unconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great *Cupid's* Deity,
 I'll never love you more.

What's That to you.

To the Tune of, *The glancing of her Apron.*

MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
 The live lang Simmer Day,
 Till we amaisf were spoil'd,
 At making of the Hay:
 Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bony Brow,
 I whisper'd something in her Ear;
 But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of *Kersey* green,

As tight as ony Silk:

O sic a Leg was never seen,

Her Skin was white as Milk;

Her Hair was black as ane cou'd wish,

And sweet, sweet was her Mou,

O! *Jeany* daintylie can kiss;

But what's that to you?

The Rose and Lilly baith combine,

To make my *Jeany* fair,

There is na Bennisfon like mine,

I have amaisf nae Care;

Only

Only I fear my *Jeany's* Face
 May cause mae Men to rew,
 And that may gar me say, Alas!
 But what's that to you?

Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,
 Hide that sweet Face of thine,
 That I may only be the Man
 Enjoys these Looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my Dear,
 Wonders to common View,
 And I with faithful Heart shall swear,
 For ever to be true.

King *Solomon* had Wives anew,
 And mony a Concubine;
 But I enjoy a Bliss mair true,
 His Joys were short of mine;
 And *Jeany's* happier than they,
 She seldom wants her Due,
 All Debts of Love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you?

S O N G,

To the Absent FLORINDA.

To the Tune of, *Queen of Sheba's March.*

C O M E, *Florinda*, lovely Charmer,
 Come and fix this way'ring Heart,
 Let those Eyes my Soul rekindle,
 Ee'r I feel some foreign Dart.

Comt

Come and with thy Smiles secure me,
 If this Heart be worth thy Care,
 Favour'd by my dear *Florinda*,
 I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand Beauties trip around me,
 And my yielding Breast assail;
 Come and take me to thy Bosom,
 E'er my constant Passion fail.

Come and, like the radiant Morning,
 On my Soul serenely shine,
 Then those glimmering Stars shall vanish,
 Lost in Splendor more divine.

Long this Heart has been thy Victim,
 Long has felt the pleasing Pain;
 Come, and with an equal Passion
 Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my Charmer, I can promise,
 If our Souls in Love agree,
 None in all the upper Dwellings
 Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal SONG.

To the Tune of, *Auld Sir Symon the King.*

COME here's to the Nymph that I love,
 Away ye vain Sorrows, away:
 Far, far from my Bosom be gone,
 All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far

Far hence be the Sad and the Pensive;
 Come fill up the Glasses around,
 We'll drink till our Faces be ruddy,
 And all our vain Sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my Fancy's exulting
 With every gay blooming Desire,
 My Blood with brisk Ardour is glowing,
 Soft Pleasures my Bosom inspire.

My Soul now to Love is dissolving,
 Oh Fate! had I here my fair Charmer,
 I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
 Of all her Disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has Love to do here
 With his Troops of vain Cares in Array,
 Avaunt idle pensive Intruder,
 He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper;
 Young Cupid, here's to thy Confusion.——
 Now, now, he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
Adieu to his anxious Delusion.

Come, jolly God *Bacchus*, here's to thee:
 Huzza Boys, huzza Boys, huzza,
 Sing lö, sing lö to *Bacchus*——
 Hence all ye dull Thinkers withdraw.

Come, what shou'd we do but be jovial,
 Come tune up your Voices and sing;
 What Soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When Wine sets our Fancies on Wing.

Come,

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this Bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young *Persens*,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the Sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
 In Seas of wide *Aether* I'm drown'd,
 The Clouds far beneath me are failing,
 I see the Spheres whirling around.

What Darkness, what Rattling is this,
 Thro' *Chaos*, dark Regions I'm hurl'd,
 And now,—Oh my Head it is knockt
 Upon some confounded new World.

Now, now these dark Shades are retiring,
 See yonder bright blazes a Star,
 Where am I?—behold the *Empyrum*,
 With flaming Light streaming from far.

I. W. Q.

To Mrs. A. C.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *All in the Downs.*

WHEN Beauty blazes heavenly bright,
 The Muse can no more cease to sing,
 Than can the Lark with rising Light,
 Her Notes neglect with drooping Wing.
 The Morning shines, harmonious Birds mount high;
 The dawning Beauty smiles, and Poets fly.

Young

Young *Annie's* budding Graces claim
 The inspir'd Thought and softest Lays,
 And kindle in the Breast a Flame,
 Which must be vented in her Praise.
 Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you seen
 E'er one so like an Angel tread the Green?

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
 When she appears take the Alarm:
 Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
 And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
 Around her Eyes and Smiles the Graces sport,
 And to her snowy Neck and Breasts resort.

But vain must every Caution prove,
 When such enchanting Sweetness shines,
 The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
 And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
 Such Flames the foppish Butterfly shou'd shun;
 The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
 Her lovely Features are complete;
 Whilst Heav'n indulgent makes her share
 With Angels, all that's wise and sweet.
 These Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,
 Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whether she love the rural Scenes,
 Or sparkle in the airy Town,
 O! happy he her Favour gains,
 Unhappy! if she on him frown.
 The Muse unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

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A Pastoral SONG.

To the Tune of, *My Apron deary.*

JAMIE.

WHILE our Flocks are a feeding,
And we're void of Care,
Come, *Sandy*, let's tune

To Praise of the Fair:
For inspir'd by my *Susie*,
I'll sing in such Lays,
That *Pan*, were he Judge,
Must allow me the Bays.

SANDY.

While under this Hawthorn
We lie at our Ease,
By a musical Stream,
And refresh'd by the Breeze
Of a Zephyr so gentle,
Yes, *Jamie*, I'll try
For to match you and *Susie*,
Dare *Katie* and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my *Susie*, so lovely,
She's without Compare,
She's so comely, so good,
And so charmingly fair:
Sure, the Gods were at pains
To make so complete
A Nymph, that for Love
There was ne'er one so mete.

SANDY.

(166)

SANDY.

Oh! my *Katie*, so bright,
She's so witty and gay,
Love join'd with the Graces,
Around her Looks play;
In her Mien she's so graceful,
In her Humour so free;
Sure the Gods never fram'd
A Maid fairer than she.

FAMIE.

Had my *Susie* been there
When the Shepherd declar'd
For the Lady of *Lemnos*,
She had lost his Regard:
And o'ercome by a Presence
More beautifully bright,
He had own'd her undone,
As the Darkness by Light.

SANDY.

Not fair *Helen* of *Greece*,
Nor all the whole Train,
Either of real Beauties,
Or those Poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,
Whose every sweet Charm,
May conquer best Judges,
And coldest Hearts warm.

FAMIE.

Neither Riches or Honour,
Or any Thing great,
Do I ask of the Gods,
But that this be my Fate,
That my *Susie* to all
My kind Wishes comply;
For with her wou'd I live,
And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

((1671))

SANDY.

If the Fates give me *Katie*,
And her I enjoy,
I have all my Desires,
Nought can me annoy;
For my Charmer has every
Delight in such store,
She'll make me more happy,
Than Swain e'er before.

Love will find out the Way.

OVER the Mountains,
And over the Waves,
Over the Fountains,
And under the Graves:
Over Floods that are deepest,
Which do *Neptune* obey;
Over Rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the Way.

Where there is no Place
For the Glow-worm to ly;
Where there is no Space,
For *Receipt* of a Fly:
Where the Midge dares not venture,
Left herself fast the lay.
But if Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his Way.

A

You

You may esteem him

A Child in his Force;

Or you may deem him

A Coward, which is worse:

But if she, whom Love doth honour,

Be conceal'd from the Day,

Set a thousand Guards upon her,

Love will find out the Way.

Some think to lose him,

Which is too unkind;

And some do suppose him,

Poor Thing, to be blind:

But if ne'er so close ye wall him,

Do the best that ye may,

Blind Love, if so ye call him,

He will find out the Way.

You may train the Eagle

To stoop to your Fist;

Or you may inveigle

The Phoenix of the East;

The Lions, ye may move her

To give over her Prey;

But you'll never stop a Lover,

He will find out his Way.

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *Throw the Wood Laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep Mountain,
Beside a clear Fountain,

I heard a grave Lute soft Melody play,

Whilst the Eccho resounded the dolorous Lay.

I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young Swain,
 With Aspect distressed,
 And Spirits oppress'd,
 Seem'd clearing afresh, like the Sky after Rain,
 And thus he discover'd how he strave with his Pain.

Tho' *Eliza* be coy, why shou'd I repine,
 That a Maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me?
 In her high Sphere of Worth I never could shine;
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?

No! henceforth Esteem shall govern my Desire,
 And in due Subjection,
 Retain warm Affection;
 To shew that Self-love inflames not my Fire,
 And that no other Swain can more humbly admire.

When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,
 Then Quiet returning,
 Shall hush my sad Mourning,
 And Lord of my self, in absolute Rest,
 I'll hug the Condition which Heaven shall think best.

Thus Friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
 May still be respected,
 Tho' Love is rejected:
Eliza shall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,
 That she ne'er had a Friend like her Lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Youth, who hereafter shall woo
 With prosp'rous Endeavour,
 And gain her dear Favour,
 Know as well as I, what t' *Eliza* is due,
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous Cares,
 Sweet Liberty tasting,
 On calmest Peace feasting;
 Employing my Reason to dry up my Tears,
 In Hopes of Heaven's Blesses I'll spend my few Years.

Ye Powers that preside o'er vertuous Love,
 Come aid me with Patience,
 To bear my Vexations;
 With equal Desires my flutt'ring Heart move,
 With 'Sentiments purest, my Notions improve.

If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
 May Courage protect me,
 And Prudence direct me;
 Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

ROB'S JOCK.

A very auld Ballat.

ROB'S Jock cam to woo our Fenny,
 On ae Feast Day when we wer fou;
 She drankit fast and made her bony,
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo?
 She burnist her baith Breast and Brou,
 And made her cleer as ony Clock;
 Then spak her Dame, and said, I trou
 Ye com till woo our Fenny, Jock.

Jock said, Forsuith I yern fu' fain,
 To luk my Head and sit down by you:

Then spak her Minny, and said again,
 My Bairn has Tocher enough to gie you.
 Tehie! go *Fenny*, kiek, kiek, I see you:
 Minny, yon Man maks but a Mock.
 Deil hae the Liars—fu leis me o' you,
 I com to woo your *Fenny*, go *Fock*.

My Bairn has Tocher of her awin;
 A Guse, a Gryce, a Cock and Hen,
 A Stirk, a Staig, an Acre-sawin,
 A Bakbread and a Bannock-stane;
 A Pig, a Pot, and a Kirn there been,
 A Kame-but and a Kaming Stock;
 With Coags and Luggies nine or ten:
 Com ye to woo our *Fenny*, *Fock*?

A Wecht, a Peet-Creel and a Cradle,
 A Pair of Clips, a Graip, a Flail,
 An Ark, an Ambry, and a Ladle,
 A Milsie, and a sowine Pale,
 A rousty Whitle to sheer the Kail,
 And a Timber Mell the Beer to knock,
 Twa Shelves made of an auld Fir Dale:
 Com ye to woo our *Fenny*, *Fock*?

A Furm, a Furler, and a Peek,
 A Rock, a Reel, and a Wheel Band,
 A Tub, a Barrow, and a Seck,
 A Spurtil braid, and ane Elwand.
 Then *Fock* took *Fenny* be the Hand,
 And cry'd, A Feast! and slew a Cock,
 And made a Brydal upo Land,
 Now have I got your *Fenny*, go *Fock*.

Now Dame, I have your Doughter marri'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,

I let you wit-she's nae miscarried,
 Its weel kend I have Gear enough:
 Ane auld gawd Gloyd fell owre a Heugh,
 A Spade, a Speer, a Spur, a Sock;
 Withouten Owfen I have a Pleugh:
 May that no ser your *Fenny*, go *Jock*?

A Treen Truncher, a Ram-Horn Spoon,
 Twa Buits of barkit blasint Leather,
 A' Graith that ganes to coble Shoon,
 And a Thrawcruick to twyne a Teather,
 Twa Croks that moup amang the heather,
 A Pair of Branks, and a Fetter-Lock,
 A tough Purse made of a Swine's Blather,
 To had your Tocher, *Fenny*, go *Jock*.

Good Elding for our Winter Fire,
 A Cod of Caff wad fill a Cradle,
 A Rake of Iron to clat the Bire,
 A Deuk about the Dubs to padle,
 The Pannel of an auld Led-sadle,
 And *Rob* my Eem hecht me a Stock,
 Twa lusty Lips to lick a Ladle.
 May thir no gane your *Fenny*, go *Jock*?

A Pair of Hames and Brechom fine,
 And without Bitts a Bridle-renzie,
 A Sark made of the Linkome Twine,
 A gay green Cloke that will not stenzie;
 Mair yet in Store—I needna fenzie,
 Five hundred Flaes, a fendy Flock,
 And are not thae a wakrife Menzie,
 To gae to Bed with *Fenny* and *Jock*?

Tak thir for my Part of the Feast,
 It is weel knawin I am weel bodin:

Ye need not say my Part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The Wife speerd gin the Kail was sodin;
 When we have done, tak hame the Brok;
 The Rost was teugh as Raploch Hodin,
 With which they feasted *Fenny and Jack.*

Z.

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

I Have a green Purse and a wee pickle Gowd,
 A Bony Piece Land and Planting on't,
 It fattens my Flocks, and my Bairns it has stowd;
 But the best Thing of a's yet wanting on't:
 To grace it, and trace it,
 And gie me Delight;
 To bless me, and kifs me,
 And comfort my Sight,
 With Beauty by Day, and Kindness by Night,
 And nae mair my lane gang fauntring on't.

My *Christy* she's charming, and good as she's fair;
 Her Een and her Mouth are inchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on Fire, her Frowns gie Despair:
 I love while my Heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest, and dearest,
 Delight of my Mind,
 Whose gracious Embraces
 By Heaven were design'd:
 For happiest Transports, and Blesses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting Sweet.

For thee, Bony *Christy*, my Shepherds and Hynds,
 Shall carefully make the Year's Dainties thine:
 Thus freed frae laigh Care, while Love fills our Minds,
 Our Days shall with Pleasure and Plenty shine.

Then hear me, and chear me,
 With smiling Consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No Cause to lament,

Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *Content*,
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

S O N G,

To its ain Tune.

ALTHO' I be but a Country Lads,
 Yet a lofty Mind I bear—O,
 And think my sell as good as those
 That rich Apparel wear—O.
 Altho' my Gown be hame-spun Gray,
 My Skin it is as fast—O,
 As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
 And carry their Heads alaf—O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
 The thing that must be done—O,
 With Garlands of the finest Flowers,
 To shed me frae the Sun—O:
 When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where Grass and Flowers do spring—O,
 Then on a flowrie Bank at Noon,
 I set me down and sing—O.

My *Paisly* Piggy, cork'd with Sage,
 Contains my Drink but thin—O;
 No Wines do ere my Brain enrage,
 Or tempt my Mind to sin—O;
 My Country Curds, and Wooden Spoon,
 I think them unco fine—O,
 And on a flowry Bank, at Noon,
 I set me down and dine—O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raise
 Great Bags of shining Gold—O,
 Like them whose Daughters now-a-days,
 Like Swine are bought and sold—O;
 Yet my fair Body, it shall keep
 An honest Heart within—O;
 And for twice Fifty thousand Crowns,
 I value not a Prin—O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
 Nor Chains about my Neck—O,
 Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
 My Fingers streight to deck—O;
 But for that Lad to me shall fa',
 And I have Grace to wed—O,
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
 I mean my Maidenhead—O.

If canny Fortune give to me,
 The Man I dearly love—O,
 Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
 My Hands I can improve—O,
 Expecting for a Blessing still,
 Descending from above—O,
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,
 Repeating Tales of Love—O.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bony.

O Waly, waly, up the Bank, -
 And waly, waly down the Brae,
 And waly, waly yon Burn-Side,
 Where I and my Love wont to gae.
 I lean'd my Back unto an Aik,
 I thought it was a trusty Tree,
 But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
 Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but Love be bony,
 A little Time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like Morning Dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my Head?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my Hair,
 For my true Love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my Bed,
 The Sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint *Anton's* Well shall be my Drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green Leaves off the Tree?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
 For of my Life I am weary.

Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency;
 Tis not sic Cauld that makes my Cry,
 But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.

When

When we came in by *Glasgow Town*;
 We were a comely Sight to see;
 My Love was cled in the black Velvet,
 And I my fell in Cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That Love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,
 And pin'd it with a Silver Pin.
 Oh oh! if my young Babe were born,
 And set upon the Nurse's Knee,
 And I my fell were dead and gane,
 For a Maid again I'll never be.

Z.

The Loving Lass and Spinning-wheel.

AS I sat at my Spinning-wheel,
 A bony Lad was passing by:
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For Trough he had a glancing Eye.
 My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

With Looks all Kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear;
 And round about my slender Waste
 He clasp'd his Arms, and me embrac'd:
 To kiss my Hand, syne down did kneel,
 A I sat at my Spinning-wheel.

My Milk-white Hands he did extol,
 And prais'd my Fingers lang and small,

H 5

And

And said, There was nae Lady fair
 That ever cou'd with me compare.
 These Words into my Heart did steek,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he wad never be deny'd,
 But still declar'd his Love the mair,
 Until my Heart was wounded fair:
 That I my Love cou'd scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

My Hanks of Yarn, my Rock and Reek,
 My Winnels and my Spinning-wheel;
 He bid me leave them all with Speed,
 And gang with him to yonder Mead:
 My yielding Heart strange Flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

About my Neck his Arm he laid,
 And whisper'd, Rise my bony Maid,
 And with me to yon Hay-Cock go,
 I'll teach thee better Wark to do.
 In Trough I loo'd the Motion weel;
 And loot alane my Spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
 Then with my bony Lad I lay;
 What Lassie, young and fast as I,
 Cou'd sic a handsome Lad deny?
 These Pleasures I cannot reveal,
 That far surpass the Spinning-wheel.

SONG,

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *Woes my Heart that we shou'd sunder.*

A DIEU ye pleasant Sports and Plays,
Farewell each Song that was diverting;
Love tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays,
I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleasant Passion,
Till *Delia's* Mildness had prevail'd
On him to shew his Inclination.

Just as the Fair-One seem'd to give
A patient Ear to his Love-Story,
Damon must his *Delia* leave,
To go in Quest of toilsome Glory.

Half-spoken Words hung on his Tongue,
Their Eyes refus'd the usual Meeting;
And Sighs supply'd their wonted Song,
These charming Sounds were chang'd to Weeping.

Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu:
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other Charms shall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?
The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,
Adieu, my Dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my Vows,
 May then my Guardian Angel leave me :
 And more to aggravate my Woes,
 Be you so good as to forgive me.

H.

O'er the Hills and far away.

JOCKY met with Fenny fair,
 Aft be the Dawing of the Day;
 But Jocky now is fu' of Care,
 Since Fenny staw his Heart away :
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has alake! unkind;
 Which gars poor Jockey aften rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle Mind.
 And it's o'er the Hills and far away,
 It's o'er the Hills and far away,
 It's o'er the Hills and far away,
 The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bony Lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now poor Man he's e'en gane wood,
 Since Fenny has gart him despair.
 Young Jocky was a Piper's Son,
 And fell in Love when he was young;
 But a' the Springs that he cou'd play,
 Was o'er the Hills and far away,
 And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

He sung—when first my Fenny's Face
 I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of Grace,
 With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,
 That's now alas! with Sorrow kill'd.

Oh!

Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an End to my Despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the Winter-wind.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal Wae,
 That for her Sake I undergae,
 She cou'dna chuse but grant Relief,
 And put an End to a' my Grief:
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my Sighs and Care;
 But she triumphs in proud Disdain,
 And takes a Pleasure in my Pain.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to-fa' in Love;
 With ane that does sae faithless prove.
 Hard was my Fate to court a Maid,
 That has my constant Heart betray'd.
 A thousand Times to me she sware,
 She wad be true for evermair;
 But to my Grief alake I say,
 She staw my Heart, and ran away.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Since that she will nae Pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her Sake,
 And, in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,
 I'll sighing sing, Adieu to Love;
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a Woman more:
 Frae a' their Charms I'll flee away,
 And on my Pipe I'll sweetly play,

O'er

O'er Hills and Dales, and far away,
 Out o'er the Hills and far away,
 Out o'er the Hills and far away
 The Wind has blown my Plaid away.

2.

Jenny Nettles.

SAW ye *Fenny Nettles*,
Fenny Nettles, Fenny Nettles,
 Saw ye *Fenny Nettles*
 Coming frae the Market ;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back,
 Her Fee and Bounrith in her Lap;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back,
 And a Babie in her Oxters..

I met ayont the Kairny,
Fenny Nettles, Fenny Nettles,
 Singing till her Bairny,
Robin Rattle's Bastard ;
 To flee the Dool upo' the Stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks *Robin* out,
 To stap it in his Oxters..

Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle*,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
 Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle*,
 Use *Fenny Nettles* kindly:
 Score out the Blame, and shun the Shame,
 And without mair Debate o't,
 Take hame your Wain, make *Fenny* fain,
 The leal and leesome Gate o't.

Focky's

Jocky's fou and Jenny's fain.

JOCKY fou, *Jenny* fain,
Jenny was na ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the Woer tell'd his Mind:

Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me Love at ony Price;
 I winna prig for Red or Whyt,
 Love alane can gi'e Delyt.

Others seek they kenna what;
 In Looks, in Carriage, and a' that;
 Give me Love, for her I court:
 Love in Love makes a' the Sport.

Colours mingl'd unco' fine,
 Common Motiyes lang finsyne,
 Never can engage my Love,
 Until my Fancy first approve.

It is na Meat but Appetite
 That makes our Eating a Delyt;
 Beauty is at best, Deceit;
 Fauty only kens nae Cheat.

Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

WHEN *Phæbus* bright the Azure Skies
 With golden Rays enlightheth,
 He makes all Nature's Beauties rise,
 Herbs, Trees, and Flowers he quickneth:
 Amongst all those he makes his Choice,
 And with Delight goes thorow,
 With radiant Beams and Silver Streams,
 Are *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the Day and Night,
 In equal Length divideth,
 Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his Flight,
 Nae longer he abideth:
 Then *Flora* Queen, with Mantle green,
 Casts aff her former Sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres* fell,
 In *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Pan playing on his Aiten Reed,
 And Shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their Flocks to feed,
 The Hills and Haughs commending:
 With Cur and Kent upon the Bent,
 Sing to the Sun, Good-morrow,
 And swear nae Fields mair Pleasures yield,
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

An House there stands on *Leader* Side,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With Rooms fae rare, and Windows fair,
 Like *Dædalus'* contriving:

Men

Men passing by, do often cry,
 In sooth it hath nae Marrow;
 It stands as sweet on *Leader Side*,
 As *New-wark* does on *Yarrow*.

A Mile below wha lifts to-ride,
 They'll hear the Mavis finging;
 Into *St. Leonard's Banks* she'll bide,
 Sweet Birks her Head o'er hinging:
 The Lintwhite loud, and *Progne* proud,
 With tuneful Throats and narrow,
 Into *St. Leonard's Banks* they sing,
 As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The Lapwing lilteth o'er the Lee,
 With nimble Wings she sporteth,
 But vows she'll flee far frae the Tree
 Where *Philomel* resorteth:
 By Break of Day the Lark can say,
 I'll bid you all Good-morrow,
 I'll streek my Wing, and mounting sing,
 O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Park, *Wantan-waws*, and *Wooden-clough*,
 The East and Western *Mainfes*,
 The Wood of *Lauder's* fair eneugh,
 The Corns are good in *Blainshes*,
 Where Aits are fine, and fald be Kind,
 That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are
 Than *Leader Haughs* or *Yarrow*.

In *Burn*, *Mill-bog*, and *Whitshade Shaws*,
 The fearful Hare she haunterth,
Brig-haugh and *Brade-wood-shiel* she knaws,
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth:

Yet

Yet when she irks, to *Kaidsty Birks*,
 She rins, and sighs for Sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter Musick wad ye hear,
 Than Hounds and Beigles crying ?
 The started Hare rins hard with Fear,
 Upon her Speed relying ;
 But yet her Strength it fails at length,
 Nae Beilding can she borrow
 In *Sorrel's Field*, *Cleckman* or *Hag's*,
 And sighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*,
 With Sight and Scent pursue her,
 Till ah ! her Pith begins to flag,
 Nae Cunning can rescue her :
 O'er Dub and Dyke, o'er Seugh and Syke
 She'll rin the Fields all thorow,
 Tell fail'd she fa's in *Leader Haughs*,
 And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

Sing, *Eassington* and *Cowden-knows*,
 Where *Homes* had ance commanding ;
 And *Dry-grange* with thy milk-white Ews,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing :
 The Bird that flees throw *Reedpath Trees*,
 And *Gledswood Banks* ilk Morrow,
 May chant and sing, Sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And bony *Howms* of *Yarrow*.

But Minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
 His Grief, while Life endureth,
 To see the Changes of this Age,
 That fleeting Time procureth ;

For mony a Place stands in hard Cafe,
 Where blyth Fowk kend nae Sorrow,
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader Side*,
 And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

Z.

For the Sake of Somebody.

FOR the Sake of Some-body,
 For the Sake of Some-body,
 I cou'd wake a Winter Night,
 For the sake of Some-body.
 I am gawn to seek a Wife,
 I am gawn to buy a Plaidy ;
 I have three Stane of Woo,
 Carling, Is thy Daughter ready?
For the Sake of Some-body, &c.

Betty, Lassy, say't thy sell,
 Tho' thy Dame be ill to shoo,
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
 Let her flyte and syne come too:
 What signifies a Mither's Gloom,
 When Love and Kisses come in play?
 Shou'd we wither in our Bloom,
 And in Summer make nae Hay ?
For the sake, &c.

SHE.

Bony Lad, I carena by,
 Tho' I try my Luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The Haff-mark Bridal Band wi' me;

P

I'll slip hame and wash my Feet,
 And steal on Linnings fair and clean,
 Syne at the tryfing Place we'll meet,
 To do but what my Dame has done.
For the Sake, &c.

H E.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome Gate,
 It me frae a' my Care relieves,
 And Doubts that gart me aft look blate:
 Then let us gang and get the Grace,
 For they that have an Appetite
 Shou'd eat:—And Lovers shou'd embrace;
 If these be Faults, 'tis Nature's Wyte.
For the Sake, &c.

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A Southland *Jenny* that was right bony,
 Had for a Suitor a Norland *Johny*;
 But he was sican a bashfu' Wooer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,
 Till Blinks of her Beauty and Hopes o' her Siller,
 Forc'd him at last to tell his Mind till her.
 My Dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the March, and marry.

S H E.

Come, come away then, my Norland Ladie,
 Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gawdy;
 And abeit I have neither Gowd nor Money,
 Come, and I'll ware my Beauty on thee.

H E.

Ye Lassies of the South, ye'r a' for dressing;
 Lassies of the North mind milking and threshing:
 My Minny wad be angry, and sae wad my Dady,
 Shou'd I marry aye as dink as a Lady.

For

For I maun hae a Wife that will rise in the Morning,
 Crudle a' the Milk, and keep the House a scauldin',
 Toolie with her Nibours, and learn at my Minny,
 A Norland *Focky* maun hae a Norland *Fenny*.

S H E.

My Father's only Daughter and twenty thousand
 Pound,

Shall never be bestow'd on sic a filly Clown;
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye,
 Gae hame ye Norland *Fock*, and court your Norland
Fenny.

Z.

The auld yellow-hair'd Ladie.

THE yellow-hair'd Ladie sat down on yon Brae,
 Crys, milk the Ews Lassy, let nane of them
 gae;

And ay she milked, and ay she sang.

The yellow-hair'd Ladie shall be my Goodman.

And ay she milked, &c.

The Weather is cauld, and my Claithing is thin;

The Ews are new clipped, they winna bught in;

They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,

O yellow-hair'd Ladie, be kind to me:

They winna bught in, &c.

The Goodwife cries butt the House, *Fenny*, come ben,

The Cheese is to mak, and the Butter's to kirk.

Tho' Butter, and Cheese, and a' should sour,

I'll crack and kiss wi' my Love ae haff Hour;

It's ae haff Hour, and we's e'en mak it three,

For the yellow-hair'd Ladie my Husband shall be.

Z.

SONG,

(190)

SONG,

To the Tune of, Boorn's Minnre.

FAIR, Sweet and Young, receive a Prize,
Reserv'd for your victorious Eyes:
From Crowds whom at your Feet you see,
Oh! pity, and distinguish me.

No Graces can your Form improve;
But all are lost unless you love:
If that dear Passion you disdain,
Your Charms and Beauty are in vain.

X.

The GENEROUS GENTLEMAN.

A SANG, to the Tune of, *The bony Lads of Brankfom.*

AS I came in by Tiviot Side,
And by the Braes of *Brankfom*,
There first I saw my bony Bride,
Young, smiling, sweet and handsome:
Her Skin was softer than the Down,
And white as Alabaster;
Her Hair a shining wavy Brown;
In Straightness none surpass her.

Life glow'd upon her Lip and Cheek,
Her clear Een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her Neck,
Her little Breasts just rising:

Nae Silken Hose, with Gooshets fine,
 Or Shoon with glancing Laces,
 On her fair Leg, forbad to shine,
 Well shapen native Graces.

Ae little Coat, and Bodice white,
 Was Sum of a' her Claithing;
 Even these o'er mickle;—mair Delyte
 She'd given cled wi' naithing:
 She lean'd upon a flowry Brae
 By which a Burny troted;
 On her I glowr'd my Saul away,
 While on her Sweets I doated.

A thousand Beauties of Desert,
 Before had scarce allarm'd me,
 Till this dear Artless struck my Heart,
 And bot designing, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by Love, close to my Breast
 I grasp'd this Fund of Bliss;
 Wha smil'd, and said, without a Priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but Kisses.

I had nae Heart to do her harm,
 And yet I coudna want her;
 What she demanded, ilka Charm
 Of her's pled, I should grant her.
 Since Heaven had dealt to me a Rowth,
 Straight to the Kirk I led her,
 There plighted her my Faith and Trowth,
 And a young Lady made her.

The Happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural Clown,
 Who, far remov'd from Noise of Town,
 Contemns the Glory of a Crown,
 And, in his safe Retreat,

Is pleas'd with his low Degree,
 Is rich in decent Poverty,
 From Strife, from Care and Bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great?

No Drums disturb his Morning Sleep,
 He fears no Danger of the Deep,
 Nor noisy Law, nor Courts ne'er heap
 Vexation on his Mind:
 No Trumpets rouse him to the War,
 No Hopes can bribe, no Threats can dare;
 From State-Intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden Ages born,
 He labours gently to adorn
 His small paternal Fields of Corn,
 And on their Product feeds:
 Each Season of the wheeling Year;
 Industrious he improves with Care;
 And still some ripen'd Fruits appear,
 So well his Toil succeeds.

Now by a Silver Stream he lies,
 And angles with his Baits and Flies,
 And next the Silvan Scene he tries,
 His Spirits to regale:
 Now from the Rock or Height he views
 His fleecy Flock, or teeming Cows,
 Then tunes his Reed, or tries his Muse,
 That waits his honest Call.

Amidst his harmless easy Joys,
 No Care his Peace of Mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his Time in Toys,
 Beneath his just Regard:

He's

He's fond to feel the Zephyr's Breez,
To plant and shed his tender Trees;
And for attending well his Bees,
Enjoys the sweet Reward.

The flowry Meads, and silent Coves,
The Scenes of faithful rural Loves,
And warbling Birds on blooming Groves,

Afford a wish'd Delight;
But O! how pleasant is his Life,
Blest with a chaste and virtuous Wife,
And Children prattling, void of Strife,
Around his Fire at Night!

X.

Willy was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton Wag,
The blytheft Lad that e'er I saw,
At Bridals still he bore the Brag,
And carried ay the Gree awa':
His Doublet was of Zetland Shag,
And wow! but Willy he was braw,
And at his Shouder hang a Tag,
That pleas'd the Lassies best of a'.

He was a Man without a Clag,
His Heart was frank without a Flaw;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadn as a Law.
His Boots they were made of the Jag,
When he went to the Weapon-Shaw,
Upon the Green nane durst him brag,
The Feind a ane among them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth Gowd?
 He wan the Love of Great and Sma;
 For after he the Bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the Lassies hale-fale a'.
 Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
 When be the Hand he led them a',
 And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing Law.

And was na *Willy* a great Loun,
 As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the Lassies round,
 The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
 Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the Ring,
 With bobbing, faith my Sanks are fair;
 Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
 For *Willy*, he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the Ring.
 But, Shame light on his souple Snout,
 He wanted *Willy's* wanton Fling.
 Then straight he to the Bride did fare,
 Says, Well's me on your bony Face,
 With bobbing *Willy's* Shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like *Willy* ye advance;
 (O! *Willy* has a wanton Leg)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And formast ay bears up the Ring;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want *Willy's* wanton Fling.

WW.

CLELIA

*CLELIA's Reflections on her self for
sighting Philander's Love.*

To the Tune of, *The Gallant Shoe-maker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,

But I was peevish, and forbad him,

I wadna tent his loving Sang,

But now I wish, I wish I had him ;

Ilk Morning when I view my Glass,

Then I perceive my Beauty going ;

And when the Wrinkles seize the Face,

Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My Beauty, anes fac much admir'd,

I find it fading fast, and flying ;

My Cheeks, which Coral like appear'd,

Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying :

Ah ! we may see our selves to be

Like Summer-Fruit that is unshaken,

When ripe, they soon fall down and die,

And by Corruption quickly taken.

Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,

Employ your Day before 'tis evil ;

Fifteen is a Season rare,

But Five and Twenty is the Devil.

Just when ripe, consent unto't,

Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow ;

Women are like other Fruit,

They lose their Relish when too mellow.

If Opportunity be lost,

You'll find it hard to be regained ;

Which now I may tell to my Cost,

Tho' but my sell nane can be blamed :

If then your Fortune you respect,
 Take the Occasion when it offers;
 Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
 Lest ye be scoff'd for being Scoffers.

I, by his fond Expressions, thought
 That in his Love he'd ne'er prove changing;
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my Hope, he's gone a-ranging,
 Dear Maidens, then take my Advice,
 And let na Coyneſs prove your Ruin;
 For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
 Your Suiters will give over wooing.

Then Maidens wuld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretful Rank be number'd
 As lang as Life; and when ye die,
 With leading Apes be ever cumber'd:
 A Punishment, and hated Brand,
 With which nane of us are contented;
 Then be not wiſe behind the Hand,
 That the Miſtake may be prevented.

*The young Ladies Thanks, to the repenting
 Virgin, for her ſeaſonable Advice.*

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
 How many many Thanks we owe you,
 For pointing out to us ſae well,
 Theſe very Rocks that did o'erthrow you;
 And we your Leſſon ſae ſhall mind,
 That e'en tho' a' our Kin had ſwore it,
 E'er we ſhall be an Hour behind,
 We'll take a Year or twa before it.

We'll catch all Winds blow in our Sails;
 And still keep out our Flag and Pinnet;
 If young *Philander* anes affails
 To storm Love's Fort, then he shall win it;
 We may indeed, for Modesty,
 Present our Forces for Resistance;
 But we shall quickly lay them by,
 And contribute to his Assistance.

The Step-Daughter's Relief.

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well tocher'd Lass,
 My Mither left Dollars to me;
 But now I'm brought to a poor Pass,
 My Step-Dame has gart them flee.
 My Father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the Deel with his Gear,
 She neither has Lateth nor Shame,
 And keeps the hale House in a Steer.

She's barmy fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, haf naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine:
 But soon I might hope a Revenge,
 And soon of my Sorrows be free,
 My Poortith to Plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a Tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd:
 This bony Lass tenderly,
 I'll tak thee, sweet *May*, in thy Snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

Tis only your sell that I want,
 Your Kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your Step-mother, scant
 Of Grace, now has raken frae thee.

I'm but a young Farmer, it's true,
 And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;
 But I have Milk-Cattle enow,
 And Rowth of good Rucks in my Yard.
 Ye shall have naithing to fast ye,
 Sax Servants shall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy Coats, my Lassie,
 And gae thy Ways hame with me.

The Maiden her Reason imploy'd,
 Not thinking the Offer amiss,
 Consented;—while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken Step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
 That makes her Good-wife at hame.

Jeany, where has thou been.

O *Jeany, Jeany*, where has thou been,
 Father and Mother are seeking of thee.
 Ye have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
 Keeping of *Focky* Company.
 O Betty, I've been to hear the Mill clack,
 Getting Meal ground for the Familie,
 As fow as it gade I brang hame the Sack,
 For the Miller has taken nae Mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's Meal on your Back,
 The Miller's a wanton Billy, and flee,
 Tho' Victual's come hame again hale, what reek,
 I fear he has taken his Mowter off thee.
*And Betty, ye spread your Linen to bleesh,
 When that was done, where cou'd you be?*
 Ha! Lads, I saw ye slip down the Hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the Kirk;
 But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be,
 Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing Clerk came w'ye.
 O silly Lassie, what will thou do?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
*Look to your sell, if Jock prove true:
 The Clerk frae Creepies will keep me free.*

Q.

S-O-N-G,

To the Tune, *Last Time I came o'er the Moor.*

YE blythest Lads and Lasses gay,
 Hear what my Sang discloses;
 As I ae Morning sleeping lay,
 Upon a Bank of Roses,
 Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the Mead,
 By good-luck chanc'd to spy me;
 He took his Bonnet aff his Head,
 And fastly sat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him;
 But with a Frown my Face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him;

But fondly he still nearer preßt,
 And by my Side down lying,
 His beating Heart thumped fae fast,
 I thought the Lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 An angry Passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With Words full of disdainin.
 Poor *Famie* bawk'd, nae Favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented;
 But I in truth for a' my Sins,
 Ne'er haf fae sair repented.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock Laird fou cadgie,
 With *Fenny* did meet,
 He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,
 And ca'd her his Sweet.
 Wilt thou gae along
 Wi' me, *Fenny, Fenny*;
 Thou'lt be my ain Lemman,
 Jo *Fenny*, quoth he.
 If I gae along wye,
 Ye mauna fail,
 To feast me with Cadells
 And good Hacker-kail.
 The Deel's in your Nicety,
Fenny, quoth he,
 Miyna Bannocks of Bear-mea
 Be as good for thee.

And

And I maun hae Pinners, I
 With Pearling set round,
 A Skirt of Puddy,
 And a Waistcoat of broun.
 Awa with sic Vanities,
Fenny, quoth he,
 For Kurchies and Kirtles
 Are fitter for thee,
 My Lairdship can yield me
 As meikle a Year,
 As had us in Portage
 And good knockit Beer ::
 But having nae Tenants,
O Fenny, Fenny,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A Penny, quoth he.
 The Borowstoun Merchants
 Will sell ye on Tick,
 For we maun hae braw Things,
 Abeit they soud break.
 When broken, frae Care
 The Fools are so free,
 When we make them Lairds
 In the Abbey, quoth he.

The Soger Laddie.

MY Soger Laddie
 Is over the Sea,
 And he will bring Gold
 And Money to me ;

And when he comes hame,
 He'll make me a Lady,
 My Blessing gang with
 My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
 Is handsome and brave,
 And can as a Soger
 And Lover behave.
 True to his Country,
 To Love he is steady,
 There's few to compare
 With my Soger Laddie.

Shield him ye Angels
 Frae Death in Alarms,
 Return him with Laurels
 To my langing Arms.
 Syne frae all my Care
 Ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my Wishes
 My Soger ye gie me.

O soon may his Honours
 Bloom fair on his Brow,
 As quickly they must,
 If he get his Due:
 For in noble Actions
 His Courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight
 In my Soger Laddie.

The ARCHERS' March.

SOUND, sound the Musick, sound it,

Let Hills and Dales rebound it :

Let Hills and Dales rebound it,

In Praise of Archery:

Its Origin divine is,

The Practice brave and fine is,

Which generously inclines us

To guard our Liberty.

Art by the Gods imployed,

By which Heroes enjoyed,

By which Heroes enjoyed

The Wreaths of Victory.

The Deity of *Parnassus*,

The God of soft Caresses,

Chaste *Cynthia* and her Lasses,

Delight in Archery.

See, see yon Bow extended!

'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,

'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,

O'er Clouds on high it glows.

All Nations, *Turks* and *Parthians*,

The *Tartars* and the *Scythians*,

The *Arabs*, *Moors* and *Indians*,

With Bravery draw their Bows.

Our own true Records tell us,

That none cou'd e'er excel us,

That none cou'd e'er excel us,

In martial Archery:

With

With Shafts our Sires engaging,
 Oppos'd the Romans raging,
 Defeat the fierce Norvegian,
 And spared few Danes to flee.

Witness *Largs* and *Luncarty*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,

Rosline and *Bannockburn*,
 The *Chivvots*——all the Border,
 Where Bowmen in brave Order,
 Told Enemies, if furdur
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, found the Musick, found it,
 Let Hills and Dales rebound it,
 Let Hills and Dales rebound it,
 In Praise of Archery.

Largs, where the *Norwegians*, headed by their valiant King *Haco*, were in Anno 1263, totally defeat by *Alexander III.* King of *Scots*; the heroick *Alexander*, Great-Steward of *Scotland*, commanded the right Wing.

Luncarty, near *Perth*, where King *Kenneth III.* obtained the Victory over the *Danes*, which was principally owing to the Valour and Resolution of the first brave *Hay*, and his two Sons.

Dunkel, here, and in *Kyle*, and on the Banks of *Tay*, our great King *Corbredus Galdus* in three Battles overthrew 30000 *Romans* in the Reign of the Emperor *Domitian*.

Aberlemny, four Miles from *Brechin*, where King *Malcolm II.* obtained a glorious Victory over the united Armies of *Danes*, *Norwegians* and *Cumbrians*, &c. commanded by *Sueno* King of *Denmark*, and his warlike Son Prince *Cnut*.

Rosline, within five Miles South of *Edinburgh*, where 10000 *Scots*, led by Sir *John Cumin* and Sir *Simon Fraser*, defeat in three Battles in one Day 30000 of their Enemies, Anno-1303.

The Battles of *Bannockburn* and *Chiviot*, &c. are so well known, that they require no Notes.

Us'd as a Game it pleases,
 The Mind to Joy it raises,
 And throws off all Diseases
 Of lazy Luxury.

Now, now our Care beguiling;
 When all the Year looks smiling;
 When all the Year looks smiling,
 With healthful Harmony :
 The Sun in Glory glowing,
 With Morning Dew bestowing,
 Sweet Fragrance, Life, and Growing,
 To Flowers and every Tree.

'Tis now the Archers royal,
 An hearty Band and loyal,
 An hearty Band and loyal,
 That in just Thoughts agree,
 Appear in antient Bravery,
 Despising all base Knavery,
 Which tends to bring in Slavery,
 Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, sound the Musick, sound it,
 Fill up the Glass and round wi't,
 Fill up the Glass and round wi't,
 Health and Prosperity,
 To our great CHIEF and Officers,
 To our President and Counsellors :
 To all who like their brave Forbears,
 Delight in Archery.

End of the Second Volume.

And the Game is played
The Mind to Joy it leads
And throws off all Disease
Of this I have

Now, now our Care beguiling
When all the Year looks smiling
When all the Year looks smiling
With healthful Harmony
The Sun is Glorious
With Morning Dew descending
Sweet Pasture, Hill, and Grove
To flower and every tree

It is now the Archer's eye
And every Band and bow
An hearty Bant and loyal
That in our Thoughts agree
Appear in ancient bravery
Delighting all a land
Which leads to our in glory
Some worthy to live free

Sound, sound the Mather's band is
Full of the Gods and round
Full of the Gods and round
Health and Prosperity
To our great Care and Obedience
To our great Care and Obedience
To our great Care and Obedience
Delight in riches

